

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write  
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares :  
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,  
My sonnes sweet blood will make it shame and blush :  
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine  
That shall distill from these two antient ruines,  
Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.  
In Sommers drought, He drop vpon thee still,  
In Winter with warme teares He melt the snow,  
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

*Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men  
Vnbide my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,  
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)  
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

*Lucius.* Oh noble Father, you lament in vaine,  
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

*Titus.* Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,  
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreate of you.

*Lucius.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

*Titus.* Why tis no matter man, if they did heare  
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,  
They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,  
And bootlesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,  
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,  
Yet in some sort they are better then the Trybunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale :  
When I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete  
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,  
And were they but attired in graue weedes,  
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these :

of Titus

A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes*  
A stone is silent, and offends  
And *Tribunes* with their tong  
But wherefore stand'st thou v

*Lucius.* To rescue my two  
For which attempt the Iudge  
My euerlasting doome of ban

*Titus.* O happy man, they  
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou  
That Rome is but a vvilderne  
Tygers mult pray, and Rome  
But me and mine, how happy  
From these deuourers to be b  
But who comes with our bro

*Enter Marcus*

*Marcus.* *Titus*, prepare thy  
Or if not so, thy noble hart to  
I bring consuming sorrow to

*Titus.* Will it consume me

*Marcus.* This was thy Da

*Titus.* Why *Marcus* so sh

*Lucius.* Aye me, this Obie

*Titus.* Faint-harted-boy, an  
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursec  
Hath made thee handlelesse in t  
What foole hath added water  
Or brought a faggot to brigh  
My grieve was at the height be  
And now like *Nylus* it disdain  
Giue me a sword, ile chop off  
For they haue fought for Rom  
And they haue nurst this woe  
In bootlesse prayer haue they  
And they haue seru'd me to ef